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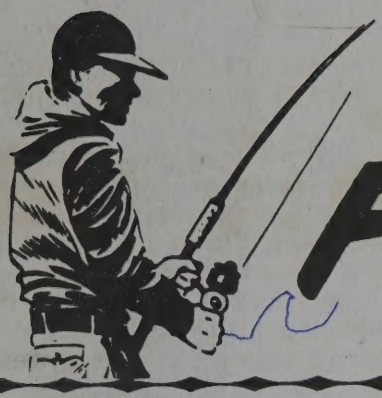
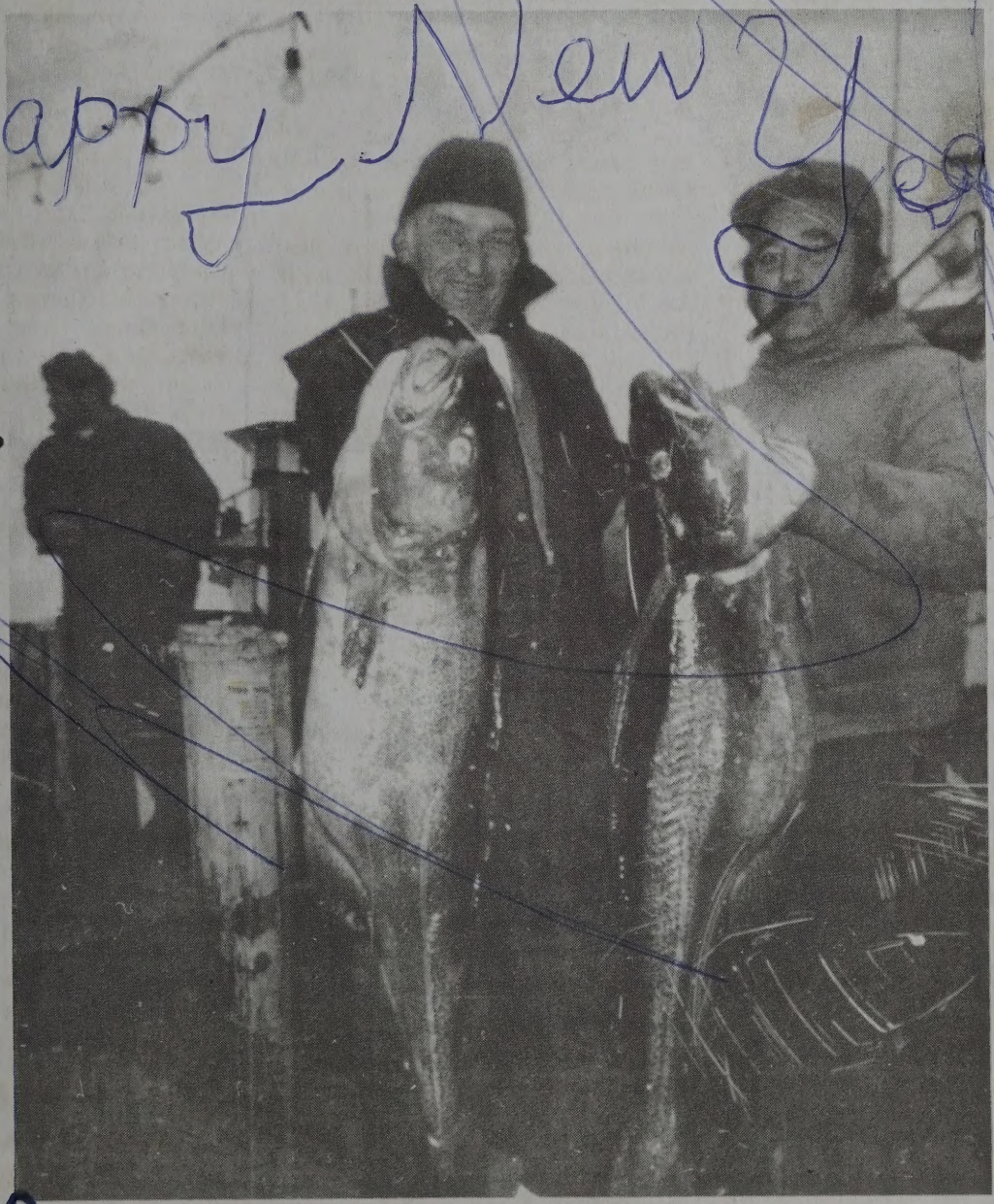


The Long Island FISHERMAN

DECEMBER 28, ISSUE NO. 50, 1972

Happy New Year



1972

CHUM LINES

Dear Mr. Vetter,

I read your articles with great interest. In the November 30 issue of the Long Island Fisherman, I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Small Boat and Cod. However, I am not from the Long Island area, therefore unfamiliar with the fishing areas in and around Long Island. I have just recently purchased a summer home and plan to moor my boat in the Sag Harbor area.

I would very much appreciate if you could pinpoint two areas you spoke of in your article and be specific. I will refer to Shelter Island and Peconic Coast Guard chart number 363. In your article you also mention west of Milford Point - question number one: How far west of Milford Point? Question number two: Indicate rocky area you spoke of for blackfish. Please use, to indicate area, soundings in feet.

In reference to Petty's Bight, when would be the best time for one to fish for big flounder in this area? Thanks for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,
James Corso
Parsippany, N.J.

Dear Mr. Corso,

In answer to question one: Fish anywhere from the point itself (Mulford, not Milford) to as much as a half mile to the Westward; the entire area here will produce cod - there is no 'hot-spot.' Just keep withint hte 20 to 33 foot curve.

As for question two: All the points have rocky shelves extending out into the deeper water. The point where the 27 foot soundings shoal rapidly into shallower water is the place to look for blacks. There are also isolated rocky areas int he deeper water (27 to 33 feet) which produce some of the largest blacks, but you will need a good depth recorder and the hunt and peck method to find them.

In regard to the flounders of Petty's Bight, the action USUALLY starts in late September, and really hits stride in November. The spring of the year sometimes produces fair to good flounder action here, if you can't wait for fall.

Don Vetter

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A DECEMBER THOUGHT

The moonlight draws the water
Tides ebb and tides flood
The Hudson, mother of stripers, calls
But what is it that I feel?
Thank God it's only three months till March

Please print this if you will. I'm sure some of my fellow surfcasters will find it a pleasant thought to help hold them through the winter.

Joseph Krasorsky

SAFETY ON THE SOUND
A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Continuing its great effort to bring safety habits to all boatmen, their friends and next season's novices, old and young, Flotilla 12-1 asks all who take to the water to make this pledge. "I will review all my seamanship training and acquaint myself with all the new regulations" - to make my boating safer and more fun.

The volunteer instructors of the Flotilla invite all who sail the Sound and neighboring waters to join their Thursday Evening Round Table, January 4th, 1973 at 8:15 P.M., Bayside Yacht Club where a free, frank and meaningful exchange of sailing and motor boating problems and their solutions will be discussed.

Also on the agenda, a critique on the new concentrated Coast Guard Seamanship Certificate Course and a review of the benefits to the boatowner and his family for having a FREE Courtesy Motorboat Examination.

The comfortable surroundings of the Bayside Yacht Club. 216-50 28th Avenue, Bayside, where parking is never a problem, has been ideal for this continuing First Thursday Monthly Round Table Series, "What Every Boatman Wants To Know." For further information, write: MGRO-USCG Aux., 41-53 77th Street, Elmhurst, N.Y., 11373.

CLUB NEWS

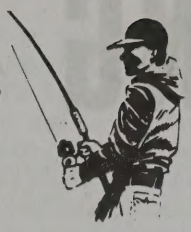
Gentlemen:

Our club, the Channel Fishing Club, is currently looking for new members. We meet the second Friday of every month at Damone's Restaurant, Long Beach Road, Island Park, or interested persons could call (516) 431-9167.

Present membership consists of surf fishermen as well as boat owners, and our annual contest is geared accordingly. A great number of our old members have retired and moved to Florida. Consequently, we are looking for new blood.

STOP POLLUTION!
Keep our waters
CLEAN!

The Long Island FISHERMAN



THE LARGEST WEEKLY GUIDE FOR FISHERMEN IN THE N.Y. AHEA

VOL. 7, NO. 50 DECEMBER 28, 1972

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FRONT PAGE PHOTO

(Left) Chester Jakabowski of Bayonne, N.J. with a 38 lb. codfish. Stephan Thomas of N.Y.C. with a 42 lb. cod. Photo courtesy of the "Peconic Queen."

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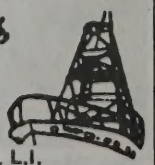
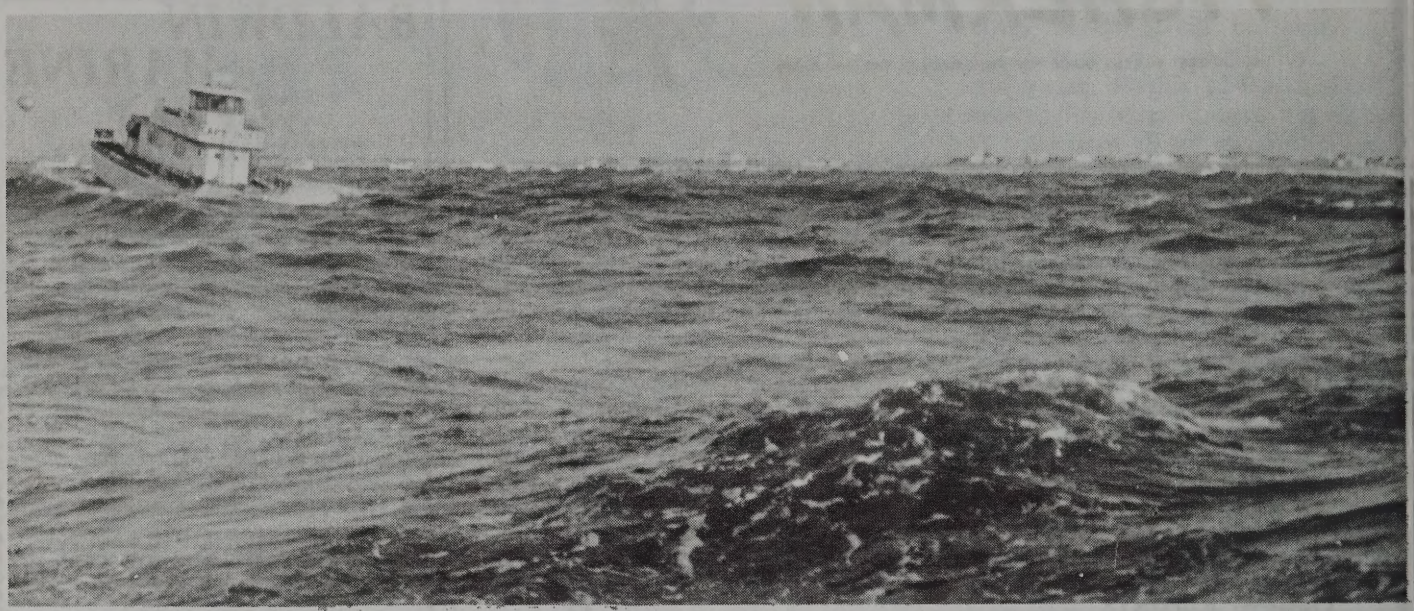


(At Nassau Yacht Basin)
Ft. of So. Main St., Freeport, L.I.
(516) 379-3665 (On the Water)

CODFISHING TIME

by Dick Mermon



The following charter boat dipped down into the hole of the inlet swell.

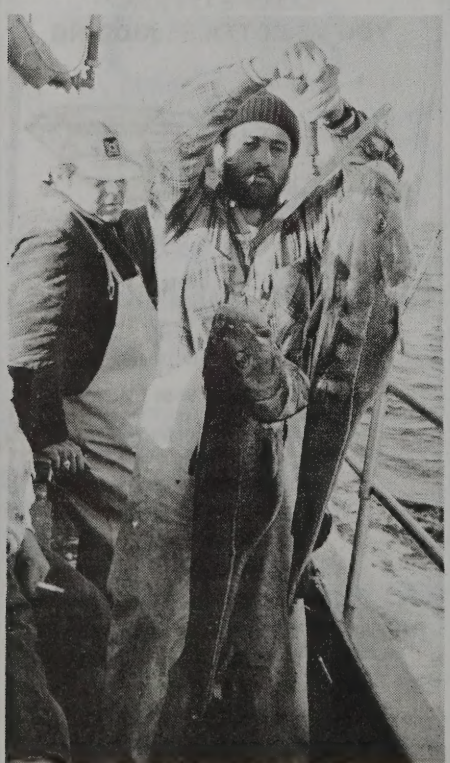
TWO NEW RODS came in from Shakespeare and they had to be tested and given a good workout, fast. These were the new "Bunker Dunker's" that were to be put on the market by the company in '73. I had to test them personally because they were my design and specifications for the rod. The only thing that was available to try the sticks out on were the codfish. Big cod can do a fine job of bending a heavy action rod and these had the backbone needed. They were designed to toss one to two pound bunkers into the stones for stripers; stop the bulldoging fight of big blues; cast big plugs and eels from the jetties and beach, and to be used by the bucktail jiggers for trolling and jigging over the reefs down in the Keys. All I had was one day off during the week and Shakespeare required a good, fast test. The bass and blues were down south of Jersey and in around Maryland. It was too far a jaunt for one day, so it had to be codfishing.

I phoned Mark Weisberg, in Island Park, Long Island, and found that he still had his boat in the water and was raring to go.

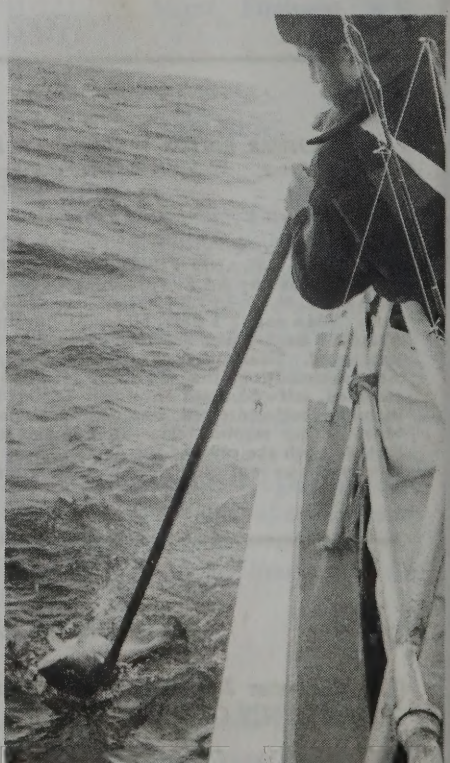
The next morning I met Mark at the boat and we were off in his 20' Barcone at 6 a.m. The wind was sort of laying the trees over to one side and there were white caps all along Reynolds Channel. When we hit the Jones Inlet, we looked at one another and said to heck with it. Several other boats had already turned about and were heading back for some flounder fishing instead. So, with doubt in our minds, we still tried to get out. The boat took it well but we didn't. If we went all the way to the cod grounds we would have fought the elements all the way. So Mark and I took her home to the dock.

When we tied up, Captain Bill Heriquies asked Mark if he would mate for his charter boat, Ginnie-Mae. Mark looked at me. I said that he should go ahead. Captain Bill asked me if I wanted to come along and maybe give Mark a hand. Without hesitation I accepted and put the rods and gear aboard.

So there I was, steaming back down Reynolds Channel once again, heading for Jones Inlet. We reached



The "Justice Scale" shows the heaviest cod of the day.



Mark sinks the gaff home on the first cod of the day.

the inlet about eight o'clock, outgoing tide and boiling. The worst part was that the wind was still blowing from the west southwest at about thirty miles per hour. This built tremendous walls of water, but Captain Bill headed the ol' girl out towards the open water. We swayed, dipped, creaked and took a little wash every once in a while, but out the inlet we went. I turned and looked at the stern where four patrons were hanging on for dear life. Beyond us was another headboat coming out the mouth of the inlet doing the same dance and sway as we just did. Every once in a while her nose would bury into a wave, come up with spray and her decks awash. Beyond her were the other charter boats. It was like playing follow the leader.

While some passengers hung on, others slept or gabbed. Mark and I shucked the skimmer clams that were to be used for bait. It was a cold job but one that had to be done. Shells were put into a garbage pail and the meat of the clams into small plastic buckets. Each bucket would supply several fishermen at a time with bait.

It took about two hours to reach the 95 feet of water at which the cod were to be found. As Mark let the anchor down, I distributed the bait buckets amongst the fishermen. Within a few minutes the horn sounded one blast, signaling that the baited hooks were to be dropped over into the water. Capt. Bill and Mark started to chum with the unshucked clams by breaking them with small wamper bats. They would flip a skimmer up into the air and hit it as it came down. At other times each would smash a clam with the bat, just enough to crack the shell and then toss it into the water. They did this all around the boat so that the entire area was covered. Then they took the shucked clam shells from the garbage pail and threw them out the same way, thus giving the bottom a completely chummed location. If there were any fish in the area, they would smell the chum and would be attracted to the spot. Within ten minutes the first cod was being brought to the surface, only to be lost by a broken line. Seconds later another cod was on the way up. This one came to the surface, rolled over, and the hook pulled out. A few minutes passed and the third cod was gaffed and brought aboard. A nice 15 pounder. Then it died off for some time. The action slowed due to the fast moving tide, however, there was plenty of tangle action amongst the passengers.

The mate tests one of Shakespeare's new rods.

As the tide slowed, the fishing action picked up once again. First came the Dogfish Shark or Horned Dogfish, a few ling, and then the cod. Both the captain and mate were kept busy chumming and gaffing the cod. When things slowed a bit they too dropped lines over but they remained the only ones who did not catch any cod for the day.

I gave Mark one of the test rods and I fished with the other. My first drop down with an 8 oz. sinker found a big dogfish. Not only did I hook the doggy, but it wrapped itself up into the line by its tail (a trait of all sharks), then took two other lines with it. After I got him off, I cut my line, untangled the rigs, re-rigged, baited up, and this time I tied on two 8 oz. sinkers. This did the trick; the 16 ozs. stood in place. About ten minutes passed before I felt a cod hit. Three solid yanks of the rod tip and I sank the hook home. The pumper was hooked and just wanted to stay on the bottom. A little persuasion with the rod and he started to come up, but not without a fight. Codfish have their own sort of fighting manner. They hit the bait hard and solid or just hang on it and swim away. When you stick

Continued On Page 22

Trailer Park on the St. John's. Spanish moss festoons the trees.

Florida Fresh Water

By Don Vetter

FOR THE BENEFIT of those fresh water men whose mouths are drooling over the two bass my dad is holding (after a night in the deep-freeze) in the picture, I will hasten to point out that 10½ and 12 pound bass like these are far from average, even in Florida. Five to six pounds would be more like the average, even in the better waters. Don't be too discouraged though; a 19 pounder was landed that same week (who's complaining about 5 to 6 pounder?).

To a Long Islander like myself, to whom a 6 pound bass is a biggie back home, the size of those St. John's River largemouths was quite a shock. The nice part is that the whole river system including the Oklawaha (a tributary), Salt Run and Silver Spring (where they enter big Lake George), little and big Lake George, contain many as big and bigger. In fact, lakes throughout the state, from Apopka to Okechobee are chock full of big bass. To add icing to the cake, fresh water fishing is nearing its peak in the late winter, which is more than can be said of much of the salt water angling. Just to be able to fish at all, when the weather back home is cold and lousy, is something to shout about.

Although that 19 pounder (which I later viewed in a Crescent City taxidermist's) was taken in little Lake George, the Oklawaha is my favorite stamping ground in the area. Winding through the Ocala National Forest, it provides a spectacularly beautiful scene. Ancient cypress and live oak, bearded with Spanish moss, grow densely to the water's edge. Wildlife abounds, and bald eagles may sometimes be seen gliding effortlessly above. This entire area was once threatened with obliteration by construction of the needless (and now mercifully defunct) Cross Florida Barge Canal. The image of this magnificent wilderness, laid waste by the bulldozers. staggers the imagination.

Some years have passed since last I visited the St. John's area, and old Mr. Stevens (who introduced me to the secrets of the area) has gone to his reward, but I will never forget my first shot at Florida bassing.

The skiff glided to a stop within

casting distance of a vast bed of water hyacinth, and Stevens lowered the concrete block/anchor. Reaching into the bait well beneath the thwart, he produced a squirming, silvery fish, better than a foot long.

"What the devil is that?" I asked in disbelief.

"Bait, my boy - this is a Florida shiner," was Stevens' reply.

Shiners or roach are a common enough bass bait on the Island, but the thought of using one that size was a bit mind boggling. What manner of fish were these Florida bass that could engulf such a meal?

Following instructions, I inserted the 6/0 hook behind the dorsal fin, and closed the wire weed guard. An underhand lob with my heavy spin rod, and the shiner landed with a loud plop at the edge of the weed bed. The soft ball-sized plastic float bobbed and ducked, as the shiner swam along.

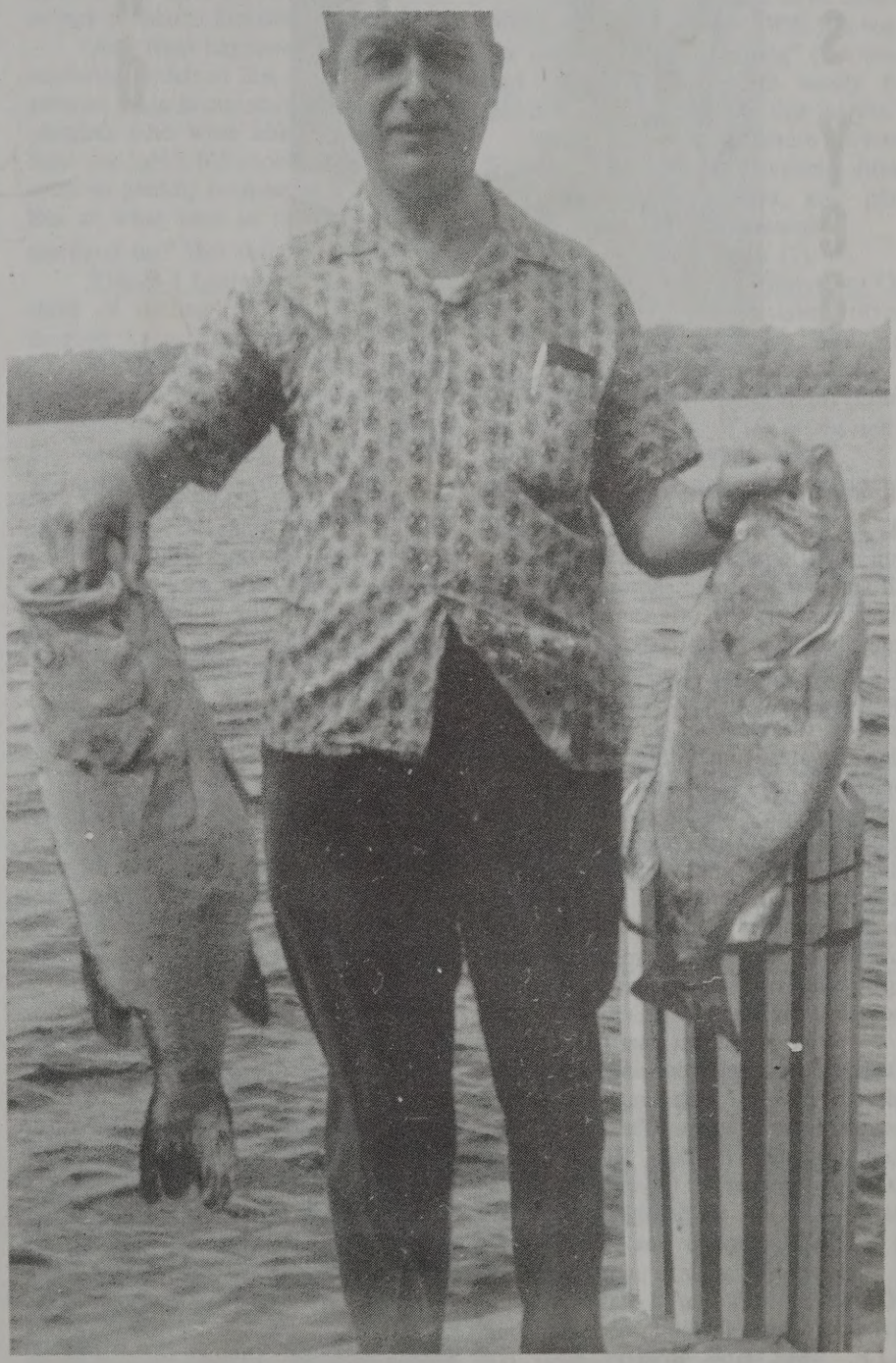
When the float went under for good, I let line pay out for a good 20 seconds before closing the bail and setting the hook. The heavy rod doubled up, and 15 pound test mono spun through the screaming drag as the enraged bass took off. Though I couldn't get a jump out of him, that 12 pound Florida largemouth gave me the fight of my life. Nothing I have ever tangled with in fresh water, including landlocked salmon, could even come close to matching that raw power.

Having mastered the mysteries of the revolving spool plug reel (under Stevens' guidance), I soon abandoned bait fishing for surface plugs. There are two lures which are used almost exclusively by Florida bass masters: the Rapala or Rebel for topwater, and the black plastic worm for subsurface. The infinite, but you can't go too far wrong with these two (the 19 pounder mentioned earlier, was taken on a Rapala). Size is a factor; the bigger the better - many salt water sized plugs work well.

Florida fresh water does not stop with black bass. For those who still regard bluegills as kid stuff, I suggest they tangle with a 2 pound brim (that is what southerners call 'gills) on a fly or light spin rod. Other subspecies of the sunfish family (known locally as stumpknocker, shellcracker, etc.) grow to equally prodigious sizes down here. The old cane pole is the natives choice, but a fly rodding Yankee can really have himself a ball. Take an 8 or 8½ footer and 7 or 8 weight bug taper floating line. Avoid the really ligth stuff; those big ole brim can be tough to handle.

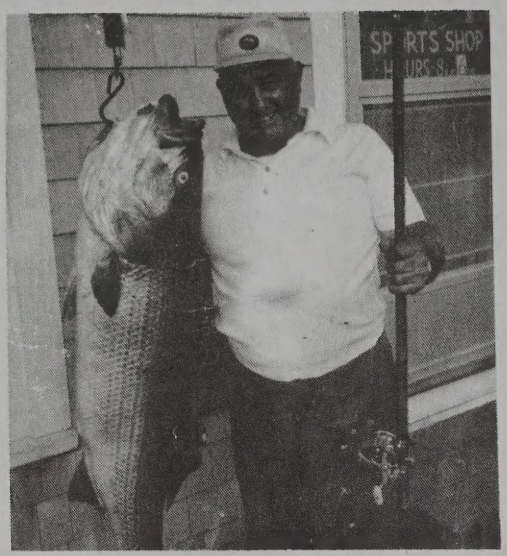
Floating rubber spiders or crickets are more effective than popping bugs, as even big bluegills are rather noise-shy. bass (especially the deer hair variety) will produce well. Some wet flies and streamers are also in order, as late winter is prime time for speckled perch. Vast schools of these panfish (which we know as crappies) can be found on their spawning beds, and will take any minnow imitation (such as a small white bucktail jig, for the spin fishermen) with abandon.

By and large, all fresh water fishing is pretty much the same, wherever you travel in the country. The big difference in Florida is the size the fish attain, The year round growing season accounts for this; in our colder clime, fish lie dormant in the winter months (this goes for bass and bluegills, anyway) and gain little in growth at that time.

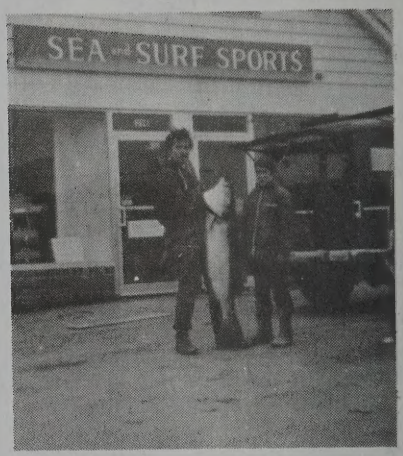


10½ and 12 pound bass.

This Year And That



R. Rocco's 60 pounder, 1972.



D. Marchand's 57, 1971

SUMMING UP '72 . . . This was the year that gave a non-springtime full of little rats, and these were around all summer by some shores; and in all their numbers the rats came back clogging much of the coast in the fall. The north winds of spring (what spring?) hardly let up all through the summer; and by the week of July 9 the south shore's water-temperature was 10 degrees below normal. Little rats; north winds; cold water; too many experienced shore fishermen (on plugs and jigs) getting skunked; and yet in one respect it surely was a good year for shore fishing. Almost the biggest stripers were caught in the surf, almost breaking again the true but general rule that boats get the biggest bass.

It happened last year too, I think: Dan Marchand's 57-pounder plugged at Moriches, was bigger than any striper boated (was it not?). This year it was Long Islander Romolo Rocco's huge 60-pound striper at Cape Cod, casting bait (I think) by the revolving spool. But a boated 71 pounder was a little bigger.

Even if I get my own (and first 50-pounder next year, I shall not want it:s photo spread over the cover of our L.I.F. Not after Rocco's great 60 Roccus came out on p. 26 of Issue No. 41. I am not in the office to shout about such things; and I was not around to savor the details of this great event in surfcasting, for surfcasting, by a sportsman who might never feel that he has to "graduate" to boats. (Right? - Romolo.) Maybe Romolo Rocco will forgive us (about the photo) and tell sometime the foremost story of bass fishing for 1972 . . .

Out of the surf also this autumn was the biggest striper of all the Vineyard Derbies (in Massachusetts) 56.9 pounds, plugged; and also the biggest bass of Rhode Island fishing in '72, a 50.4 also plugged; as previously described in this column. Then there was R.B. Jackson's 53.8 striper beached (apparently) on an Alou Eel; winning the Atlantic City (New Jersey) Striped Bass Derby. Jackson's Alou-ed great fish did make the L.I.F. cover, Issue No. 47.

But to look at the cover of Issue No. 37 was to see a ghostly return of the old days; Several similar, but yellowing photos from the late 1940's I have seen like that startling apparition of two Long Island surfmen, with 39 stripers up to 41 pounds; all on plugs; all on September 20; all at Cedar Beach - of course.

Who can choose for the Surf-Standard of this year: between Rocco's magnificent 60, and the unusual plugging of 39 stripers by George Wade and John Fritz . . . Can you choose?

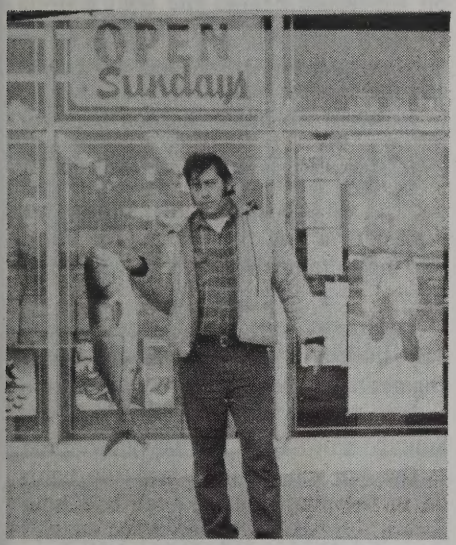
Difficult also to judge this year's quality as a whole, in terms of the action available to surfmen in general. My own fishing, any one man's fishing could never be the measure. And without a 30-pounder this year, my fishing was not as good as last year and I did not make the grade in the surf of '72. Yet I think that in '72 many more did make the grade than in '71. Either that, or else there were just many more 30's and 40's reported this year. (There is no space here to recount them all.) Include the north shore for at least one confirmed 50; and two others reliably reported.

But how could anyone judge of what kind of year it was for the surf, without having Montauk's legendary surfman tell his part: Jack Frech, 'The Professor'. Here is a surfman by whom we could all more fully assess what kind of year it was, if only he would contribute his facts and personal estimations: This Year and That.

Anyway, why I call this year: 'between just decent and good,' entails too lengthy a discussion for now. You can pick out the reasons in succeeding (and preceeding) articles; and feel free to disagree. But if you were in the surf in '48 and '49; and in '62 and '66 (and '69 on the north shore): then you know

already what I mean about 1972.

Except for Montauk, I think, there were not too many blues this year. Blues came in along the north and south shores only a few times and briefly. But they were big when they showed. And Karl Schauffel of the North Brookhaven Sport Fishermen beached perhaps the largest blue from the shroe this year: 21.4 pounds, on the north shore and on bunker.



The biggest shore-blue on L.I.?

But it was those solitary biggies of June: like Ted Shaine's lunker at Montauk, and Walter Halucha's there;

T. Shaine and June 40-lber.

and Greg Owsenek's three at Shinnecock; and the perhaps five consecutive nights under the July full moon in Jones Inlet, with Ed Haring's 43-pounder amongst others; and the solitary lunkers of October and November as well as that incredible September 20, which all bolstered the year. But consider also as indicative of the nature of this year's surf action, how Ted Shaine had been fishing only two years; the Vineyard lunker was plugged by another fellow not fishing too many years; the Rhody 50-pounder was plugged by a youth on his first try ever! Linked to this is how the September 20 blitz at Cedar seems like an outpouring of bass all during that one day. And that was it, almost.

As one guy said in Jones Inlet one fall night: "There's no real migration this year."

That's what I mean. It was the same in the spring. All at once; and at very particular locations.

And what happened to the tinker mackerel which at last came to spend summer again in our south bays? Those pluggers who were able to hit Jones Inlet for July's full moon, were able to score so grandly because of the tinkers. But at what time in the fall did the mackerel surf this autumn. Was there?

Things I Learned In '72 . . . Instead of sulking (for certain reasons) through August, I should have gone out after WEAKFISH. These tasty gamefish that I temporarily disdained, were very cooperative along much of south shore bay waters at night for casters. 5 and 6 pounders. That would have been good light-rod sport; and quite delicious food for the table . . . Next year.

Another whole complex of things learned, was from Al Benson, rigged eel specialist. Sure I knew already what a difference it makes when you switch to another method of fishing. But was I surprised and fascinated at how different This Year And That can be on the basis of rigged eels, cast in the surf by a master. It belongs to Al Benson to tell some of it, if he will.

My Favorite L.I.F. Photo This Year . . . It could only be of Michael Goodstone, "aspiring surfcaster." Add another 15 pounds to that fish, and Mike is a full-fledged surfman. And I hope it will be in 1973.

An aspiring surfcaster.

Some Ecology Concerns For The Happy New Year . . .

1) The Con Ed threat to the Hudson River striped bass spawning grounds. Rockefeller asks: Why not build hatcheries to make up for it? - Did you learn the answer, given by scientists who have tried to raise stripers for 10 years?

2) The first of many bridges that Rockefeller wants to build over the Sound, beginning at Bayville. Do you believe: "minimal ecological damage?"

3) The oil wells due to be drilled offshore of Long Island. Will you wait for an "Open Public Hearing" (the time and place of which will hardly be publicized) to 'decide' on this matter?

4) The massive offshore harvesting of food fish by foreign, ultra-technological fishing-fleets, still permitted by our federal government.

5) Keep On Truckin' (?).

My Favorite L.I.F. Statement Of 1972 . . . Three entire articles written by Vlad Evanoff: Issues No. 7, 8, and 9 in March. Do you remember them? - "One of the greatest things about fishing in my opinion is that it is a serene, contemplative and different sport . . . I want some quiet and solitude which the wilderness and ocean offer . . . I crave some pure air . . . If we don't watch out, we'll make fishing so easy and artificial that it will lose most of its appeal."

Or perhaps, Vlad: it will by the year 2000 have lost most of its appeal for the kind of men that used to be. (Or maybe by 1984.)

If you have not read these three superb articles by Vlad Evanoff, please get hold of them and, as far as fishing is concerned, start the New Year right by reading them.

GOIN' FISHING?
Read
The Long Island
FISHERMAN

Holiday Fishing: Good To Be Back

by Don Millus

THERE'S USUALLY nothing special about an open boat trip for codfish, but three years and a tour of duty with the U.S. Army in Vietnam had come between this one and the last time I was out on the "Mijoy" out of Niantic, Connecticut. It was the day before Thanksgiving and the good striper fishing that we had around Milford in October had slowed to nothing. Captain Ernie Schiller had told me on the phone the night before that he was going to have his boat sail for Block Island. Fishing hadn't been great, but it would be good to get out again before winter set in.

The thermometer outside my kitchen window in North Haven registered about 10 degrees under the freezing mark when I looked out that morning at about 4 a.m. I pulled on an extra pair of Army socks before I put on my deck boots. My wife filled a thermos with hot coffee and told me I was crazy, going out fishing in the cold. Heck, it wasn't even snowing and the wind had stopped howling before midnight. Besides she'd have me out of the house while she got things ready for our Thanksgiving guests.

When I got to Exit 74 on the Connecticut Turnpike, it began to feel like old times. My last trip with Captain Schiller had been out to the "Race" to drift with one pound sinkers and whole whiting and mackerel for big blues. Having learned party boat fishing out of Sheepshead Bay where most blues are caught drifting with cut baits near the surface, both the method and the size of the blues - - eight or nine pounders common - - had been a pleasant surprise. But that was three years before and in the meantime I had had a chance to see a lot of Vietnamese fishermen off the central coast near Quinhon . The motley group of American fishermen waiting at the dockside restaurant brought me out of my reverie.

For the Connecticut angler who wants to go for codfish, there's either the long drive to Point Judith, Rhode Island, or the long boat ride from New London or Niantic. Ernie Schiller hopes to have a new boat in operation next year to cut the almost three hour ride in half and put the great fishing of Coxes Ledge and the wrecks within reach of Connecticut anglers. But for now we had a long trip ahead of us.

Our affable first mate, Jerry Alfonso, who also holds a skipper's license, got the bait pails filled quickly and headed for the warmth of the large forward cabin. The spray running down the decks had frozen already. Even the red glow in the east which preceded the sunrise didn't promise as much heat as light. The boat tossed out past Fisher's Island and the fishermen dozed and dreamed of salt water turkeys. They turned out to be chicken-sized.

It was almost nine o'clock by the time we reached the island, and with the wind blowing out of the northeast, the south side of the island gave us some smooth sailing. Paul drove on until we reached the "fleet," which today consisted of boats from Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York. As we circled, while Captain Paul checked the fish finder, we watched the other boats at anchor. Every few minutes fish came over the railings, but they looked like awfully small cod. Once we got our own hook set and started fishing, we found out what they were: big bergalls, or conners as they're called up here. Despite our wisecracks the mate asked us to save the big baitstealers. None of us throught they were worth the effort of cleaning.

As the day wore on the weather and the fishing both stayed cold. The cod were few and far between and hard to hook. I pulled up two small ones that would just about make a meal each, but the only two decent sized fish I had on weren't hooked that well and they got off. It's a good thing I don't fish for a living! But the other fishermen on the "Mijoy" that day weren't setting any records either. A few four pound blacks, a ling and a flounder, and a few dozen cod up to eight pounds were our score for the day. Only the gulls that hovered or sat on the water behind the boat waiting for loose pieces of clam seemed to be feeding with any consistency. The gulls and the conners had the day.

When we finally headed back for the day, Jerry showed us some twenty pounds of freshly filleted fish: the conners we had given him. We were all invited to a fish fry back at the dockside restaurant. At least we wouldn't starve.

On the way back I dozed repeatedly, lulled by the hum of the boat's engines and the up and down motion as we plowed the cold waters of the Sound. Once again the sky glowed red as the sun set. Paul turned the lights on in the pilot house a good half hour before we came up to the railroad bridge at the mouth of the Niantic. The boat hovered in the tide as we waited for the bridge to go up. Back at dockside we stowed our gear in our cars and for the second time that day walked towards the light of the restaurant. The hot tea and chocolate were on the house and welcome.

We had one more surprise coming. The conners, deep fat fried, were delicious. But with his usual playfulness, Jerry slipped in some fried chunks of conger eel, which was a little more bland, but definitely tasty. The wives and children of the "Mijoy's" three captains had joined us. Captain Ernie Schiller reminded all the customers that the boat wouldn't be sailing the next day because of the holiday. Jerry and Paul smiled: it had been a long day and they could sleep late tomorrow. I smiled, too, as I left. It had been a nice way to spend a holiday eve: fishing, back in the States.

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EXPERIMENTING WITH WINTER FLOUNDER

Dr. John C. Baiardi, president director of the New York Ocean Science Laboratory at Montauk, has announced the start of a crop of experimental winter flounder in the institution's salt-water laboratory, designed to develop methods of producing succulent fresh fillets at all seasons.

The mariculture program is being conducted by Allan D. Sosnow of West Hempstead with the support of a fellowship grant from the Jessie Smith Noyes Foundation, Inc., of New York City. A second-year graduate student of the C.W. Post Center of Long Island University, Sosnow is doing his thesis research for a Master's degree in marine science under the sponsorship of Dr. Herbert M. Austin, associate research scientist in Fisheries Oceanography at NYOSL.

Sosnow has netted 256 one-year-old flatfish from Lake Montauk Harbor to be used in his tanks for controlled environment and diet experiments. He will compare the growth curve of his crop with that of the flounder samples being taken routinely fromt he natural environment of Lake Montauk Harbor by the fisheries laboratory personnel.

"The flounder was chosen as test animal for the mariculture program because it is abundant out here and it seems hardy enough to take the shock of being tagged, handled for weekly weighing and measuring, and the temperature changes," Sosnow said.

"Eventually, I plan to go into the mariculture business, but probably in breeding and growing a more exotic table fare such as the striped bass," he said.

It takes from three to four years for a flounder to reach marketable size (eight inches long) in the natural environment. Sosnow's goal is to produce adults in half that time.

He explained that the flounder move into shallow waters and dig themselves into the mud when water temperatures drop for the winter months. They are fat and healthy at that time, he said, but come out of hibernation the following spring with very little meat on their bones.

"Also we find that the flounders lose a lot of body weight when they start producing eggs and sperm," he continued. "My plan is to determine whether they will bypass the spawning period when kept in a constant temperature range than the varying temperatures of natural habitats."

Sosnow said that with some of the specimens he would duplicate a procedure for causing flatfish to spawn in captivity which has been conducted successfully at the Narragansett (R.I.) station of the National Marine Fisheries Service. He reasoned that it would be advantageous, especially since he plans to go into the business, to be able to

Continued On Page 13

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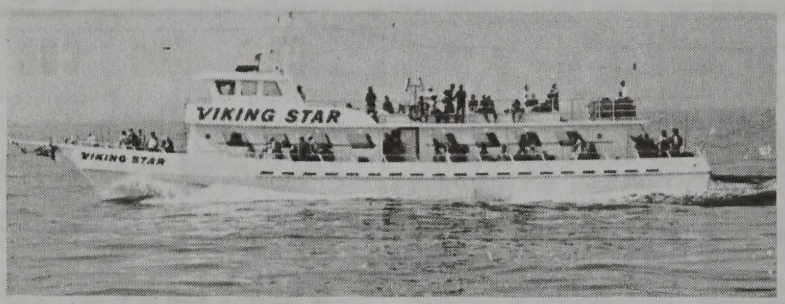

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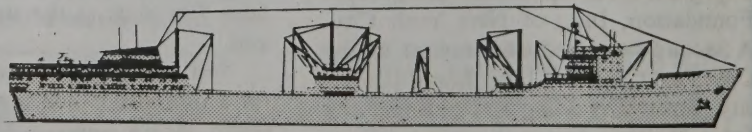

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WINTER FLOUNDER

raise marine fish from the egg stage to adults.

In still another experiment, Sosnow plans to try a process developed by a British scientist, Dr. Colin Purdom, in producing a hybrid (or triploid) from the eggs of one species fertilized by sperm from another.

In triploids, the body cells are bigger and the fish grow faster. Also, the fish are sterile, which means that the decline in growth rate normally associated with sexual maturity can be avoided. Experience to date in Dr. Purdom's program suggests that triploids grow 20 percent faster than fish spawned naturally (diploids).

Another aspect is the possibility of having the sterile fish grow to a uniform size rather than the natural results of the males growing bigger than females.

Various methods of fish farming have been conducted for centuries, but major advances in breeding and growing techniques have been developed in recent years, spurred by the fact that protein deficiencies are being recorded from all parts of the world.

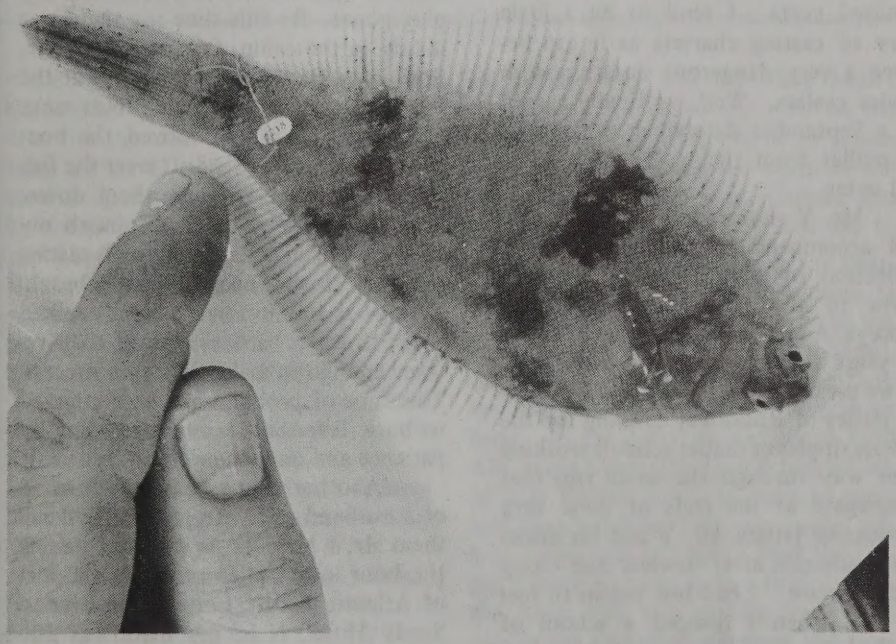
The most notable efforts in this country are going into the production of high priced items such as shrimp, pompano and lobster. But eventually, because of the decreases in natural fish populations, the production of many common species such as the flounder, catfish and others may become necessary to put adequate protein on the dinner tables of the world.

Sosnow explained that fish crops could be staggered to produce harvest at all times of the year. He said that under such arrangements and schedules, if there was a high demand and low supply in certain seasons, the fish farmer could reap the benefits of the market situation.

Fishing Reports

Due to the holiday fishing has been a little poor. Montauk reports the cod are very close to shore and size wise are fairly large. Captree open and charter boats are getting their share of cod at the open bottom areas if they can get enough fares to make the trips worthwhile. Freeport's two or three codfish boats are taking fish (weather allowing) very close to Jones Inlet. Some ling are being taken also. Sheepshead party packets are doing well on cod, whiting and ling at local fishing grounds. N.J. boats saw the last of the mackerel last week, now they are concentrating on the cod. That's the story for codfishing in our area. Weather as always plays the important role in codfishing.

The staff and writers would like to wish all our readers a healthy and successful fishing year in 1973.



Winter flounder in photo is No. 018 in a laboratory population of 256 one-year-old flatfish being tended in a mariculture research program at the New York Ocean Science Laboratory at Montauk. Maintained in carefully monitored temperatures in the institution's saltwater laboratory and fed on diets of worms, clams, chrimp and trout pellets, the fish are measured and weighed every seven days. "Fish farmer" at NYOSL is Allan D. Sosnow, a graduate student of the C.W. Post Center of Long Island University, who is conducting thesis research for a Master's degree in marine science.

The L.I. Bassmasters of New York Annual Awards Meeting - (left to right) Lou Anatrella, Cliff Wainwright and Charles Hover. The club is now accepting new members and they meet the first Thursday of each month at the Lighthouse Rest, Rose Drive, Lake Ronkonkoma at 8:00 P.M.

Charter Boat Chuckles

by Ronnie Lepper

AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK I am approached by a prospective charter captain. Everyone seems to think it is a lucrative, romantic and exciting life. I am bombarded with question after question on how to get started. I make the same suggestion to all of them: mate on a charter boat for one season, then make up your own mind as it is not all fun and games. Following are just a few incidents of the many that occur in an average season on a charter boat.

It was a beautiful October daybreak, the wind was out of the northwest at 5 MPH - just enough to keep the ocean flat and the air clean. From three miles offshore the town of Long Beach, along with the World Trade Center 20 miles away, were as clear as a bell. Small pods of mossbunker were starting to show on top as the tide began to run out. The steady throbbing of the rods became almost hypnotic as they towed their darting bunker spoons. Everything was set for a perfect day of trolling for striped bass.

Aside from my mate and myself, my charter for the day was Mr. X, who had arranged this charter six months previous with an hour long phone call at 11 PM, during which he assured me of his prowness as a bass fisherman. He recounted all the huge bass he had conquered over the previous years making sure to include many 50 pounders.

Just as I started a diagonal pass inshore, keeping on one of my better ranges, the middle rod went off with a scream. The fish was a good one and had taken 200 feet of line before Mr. X was able to wrestle the rod from the holder. As soon as I saw him eight rod safely in hand, I took the boat out of gear and along with my mate started reeling in the other lines. All at once I heard a loud pistol-like crack followed by a few choice words from Mr. X including, "the God damn line broke." Upon taking the rod from him, I observed one of the worst birds nest you ever saw. After cooling off, he sheepishly admitted to a state of hysteria when the fish kept taking line. Instead of letting the fish finish his first and strongest run, he put the reel into free spool through sheer panic, causing the birds nest. The loss of a good fish, along with five dollars worth of wire, was the beginning of an average day in the life of a charter boat captain. Don't get me wrong - most of the days run as smooth as silk, but along with them are days that I come home ~~feeling~~ as though a herd of elephants ran through my stomach.

Take the time Mr. Y called for a charter insisting that he would rather cast than troll. Now I have nothing against casting, being an ex-surfcaster myself and find it the finest but least productive way to take striped bass, bar none. He brought me up to date on his surf fishing experiences making sure to include his tremendous success in catching large bass from the surf for the past hundred years. I tend to be a little leary of casting charters as it can become a very dangerous situation with novice casters. Well, we finally agreed on a September date when the exodus of mullet from the bays would be in full swing.

Mr. Y showed up promptly at 6 AM accompanied by a friend and a collection of tackle that would bring saliva to the mouth of most jetty jockeys. A very pleasant fellow of about 25 years and bubbling with enthusiasm. As we moved along the old shell incrusted jetties of Rockaway looking for the telltale ripples of mullet schools working their way through the small rips that congregate at the ends of these very productive jetties, Mr. Y and his associate made cast after flawless cast - long and accurate. I had just begun to feel at ease when I noticed a school of mullet spraying along the surface, two jetties to the west, a sure sign of old Roccus in action. As we approached them slowly I could see the bathtub size swirls of big fish in pursuit of their tasty breakfast. After carefully maneuvering the boat into position, I nodded to the overly anxious duo to start casting. Mr. Y's firend promptly broke his plug off on a vicious backlash that sent his plug some 50 feet up onto the sand (the first backlash of the day), while Mr. Y's first cast wrapped itself around my forward radio antenna, smashing one of the precious and now defunct Atom ~~40~~'s. As they both rerigged with nervous fingers, I tried desperately to calm them down. I am positive to this day that neither of them heard a word I said. On his next cast Mr. Y hung his plug up under the gunnel in the middle of a cast and proceeded to break his beautiful rod in half. As tears welled to his eyes he watched his friend make a perfect cast, the only problem being that it landed at least 50 feet from the still swirling fish and over the top of another wooden jetty. In his desperation to retrieve his plug, it became entwined in the razor sharp mussel clusters that have claimed their share of tackle over the years. Another plug gone! By this time my mate was hiding in the cabin, fearing for his life. Both men finally admitted that at the sight of feeding fish their minds went completely blank. I moved the boat offshore so as not to drift over the fish and tried again to calm them down. This time they seemed to absorb my advice. I loaned Mr. Y my own casting rod and moved back into the beach. Acting as a radio tower I calmly talked them through each cast until they relaxed enough to make the day a success. This type of problem can be compared to buck fever and can be overcome by patience and understanding.

Another of my charters consisted of a husband and wife team. We'll call them Mr. & Mrs. N. As we were making the hour long trip from my home port of Atlantic Beach, Long Island over to Sandy Hook, N.J., my mate was diligently explaining the proper way to fish with live bait, as it can become tricky at times. Mrs. N. absorbed every word and asked many questions while Mr. N insisted on talking to me as he was well versed in the art of live bait fishing, ignoring any advice my mate tried to give. As you would expect, Mr. N missed the first four fish through careless handling and definite lack of experience

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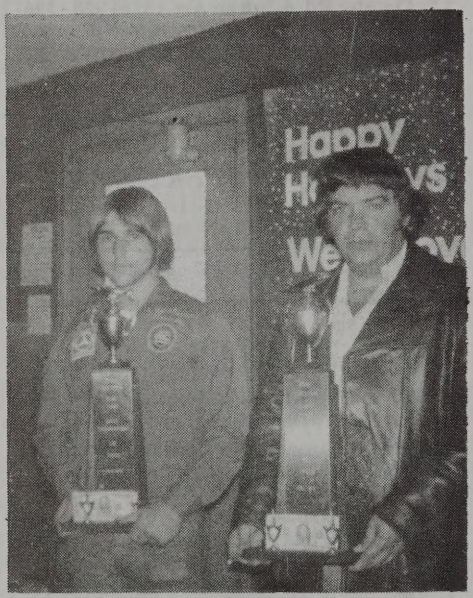
BELLMORE NEW YORK

while Mrs. N, acting like a pro, did exactly as she was told, receiving six hits for the day and landing six fish from 35 to 47 pounds. Mr. N finally wound up catching one fish of 32 lbs. by sheer beginner's luck. For the entire trip home, Mr. N lectured his wife on all the mistakes she had made (in not such nice terms) never speaking a word to my mate or myself. He got off the boat, never saying goodby, not tipping the mate and never to call again. The only thing that made the day worthwhile was, as they reached the top of the dock, Mrs. N turned around without Mr. N's knowledge and mouthed a large "Thank you."

Then we have the late comers. If there is one thing I insist on, it is being on time. As far as fish are concerned, you can always be there too late but never too early. I leave the dock at 4:30 AM for spring fishing, which means I am up at 3 AM, along with my understanding wife who shakes me to life each morning, makes my breakfast and lunch, then sits with me until she knows my eyes are permanently open. One morning while waiting at the dock for my party to show up, I began to get that uncomfortable feeling, as it was 4:45 AM and they hadn't arrived yet. I called my wife on the radio telephone, as there is no phone on the dock, waking her again at the cost of $1.50 per three minutes and possibly my marriage. I asked her to check their phone number in my charter book and to please call them in Manhattan. She called me back in ten minutes (again over the radio phone), and through gritted teeth told me they had overslept but would be there in an hour. As the party showed up at 7:30 AM, three hours late, they informed me of how foolish it was to leave so early and that catching fish was really not that important to them. Now the reason I leave so early is two fold: one is the hour long trip getting there, and two is the fact that whatever the tide, daybreak fishing is always the best. As any charter skipper knows, your reputation is only as good as yesterday's catch. When you come back fishless or with a poor catch, future charters have no idea that your party was late or didn't care whether or not they caught fish. They only know you did poorly. As your best advertisement is word of mouth, this type of charter is bad for future business. As it turned out, we managed to catch a few fish but nothing compared to the size and quantity of fish caught byt he boats that were there three hours earlier. On the way home I started to hear rumblin from the party, inbetween cases of beer, about how poorly they had done as compared to some other boats. When I tried again to explain, I was told by the head of the charter that if I was as good as I was supposed to be, I should be able to catch fish at any time or tide. After hearing that statement, I ended the conversation rigth there by asking them not to call me again. Figuring I had seen the last of them, I was very surprised the following spring when I received a call from him again asking for another charter. After truthfully explaining that I was booked for the season and had no open dates, he proceeded to become quite obnoxious, stating that his money was as good as anyone elses, and with small-time blackmail, threatened to notify the local paper as to what a terrible captain I was if I didn't find a date for him. He must have changed his mind though, as nothing further ever came of it.

Continued On Page 21

7 year old Michael Baptiste with a 16 lb. blue which he caught while fishing near Hackleberg Island in L.I.Sound.



Winners of the Bass & Bluefish Contest sponsored by the Port Chester Boat Yard: Joey Santora (left) with a 34 lb. 8 oz. bass and Dougie Vaccaro (right) with a 16 lb. 2 oz. bluefish.

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Friends of Long Island Sound . . . Take Heed

5th ANNUAL LONG ISLAND SOUND CONFERENCE
Saturday, January 20, 1973
The College of White Plains,
North Broadway, White Plains, N.Y.

Conference Theme: Research for managing Long Island Sound.

Sponsor: The Friends of Long Island Sound (FOLIS) and the New England River Basins Commission. Co-chairman: John E. Sanders, Professor of Geology, Barnard College; Daivd Burack, New England River Bains Commission, Study Manager of the Long Island Sound Regional Study.

The all-day meeting on Saturday will consist of informal, concurrent sessions in which researchers working on problems related to Long Island Sound (its waters, related lands, biota, social/economic systems, management problems, etc.) can discuss their plans, problems and results. Purpose of the session is to keep interested parties informed on what has been done recently, what is in progress and what is contemplated by those doing research. In these informal sessions, participants can exchange information and views, amke joint plans, avoid duplications, and generally keep current on studies of Long Island Sound.

Immediate Action Required: If you wish to be on the program, send names of prospective speaker, address (including address over holidays, if not the same), title of proposed presentation, and two copies of 200 word abstract to: Professor John E. Sanders, Program Chairman, Department of Geology, Barnard College, New York, New York 10027.

The advance program will be assembled from materials received no later than the close of business on 5 January 1973.

Program, directions to the College of White Plains, information on overnight accommodations, will be mailed out before the meeting.

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Edward and Bryan Check with some of the bass they caught on a recent trip to Montauk. The young anglers fished aboard the "Ventura."

10 year old Roger Sangvic of Lindenhurst with a 45 lb. cod caught while fishing aboard the "Speedy IV" out of Captree.

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BY FRED GUARDINEER

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THE PRESERVE SEASON IS FROM SEPT. 1 TO APR. 1. NO HUNTING LICENSE REQUIRED.

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SAG HARBOR'S 400 ACRES OF FIELDS AND LIGHT BRUSH MAKE IDEAL SHOOTING. DOGS AND GUIDES ARE INCLUDED IN THE $80.00 FEE PER 4 MAN PARTY FOR A HALF DAY WITH FAIR SHOTS GUARANTEED AT 10 PHEASANTS – OR ALL YOU WANT TO PAY FOR.

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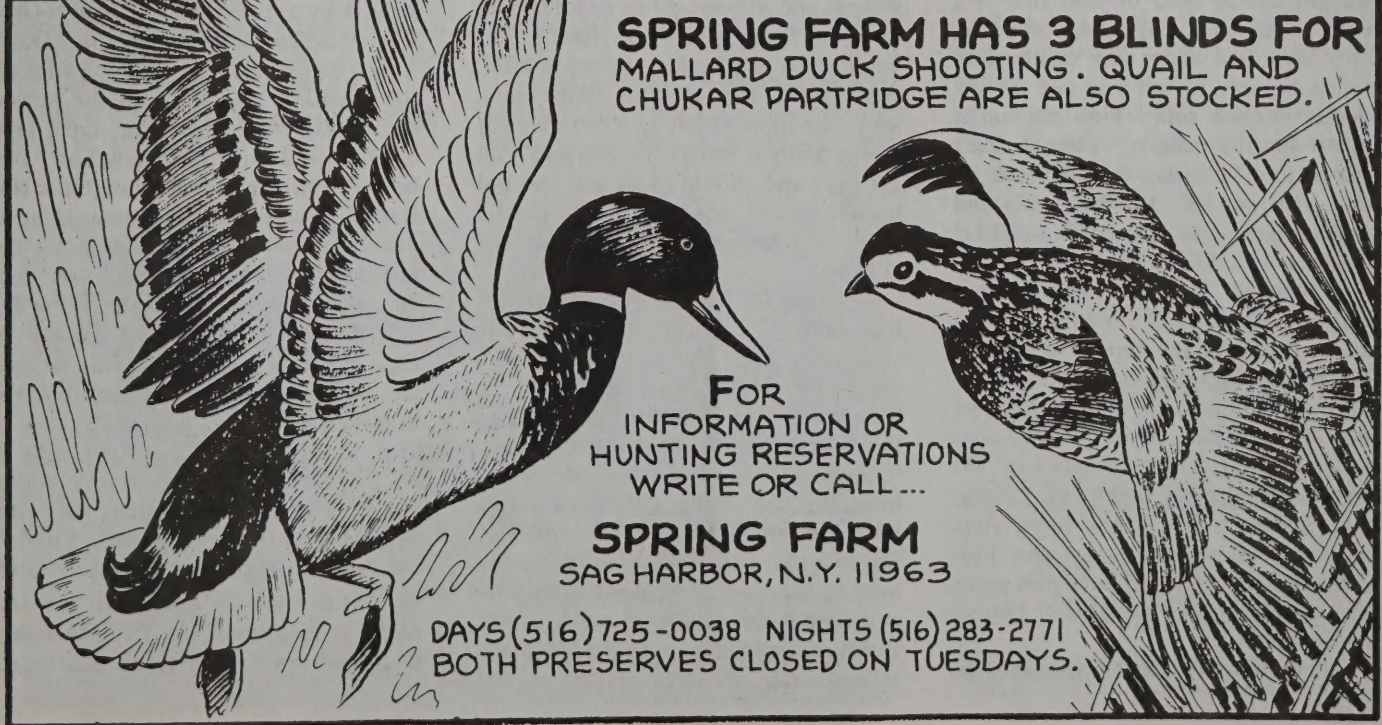
SPRING FARM HAS 3 BLINDS FOR MALLARD DUCK SHOOTING. QUAIL AND CHUKAR PARTRIDGE ARE ALSO STOCKED.



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Make Your Own Plug Bag

by

Stu(Bad Winds)Miller

IF YOU'VE GOT $9.00 to $14.00 extra laying around these days, and you are in need of your first or a replacement plug bag (plug tote bag, ditty bag), just about any tackle shop should be able to sell you one for the aforementioned sum. I do not outfit myself in this manner. First, I don't choose to. I'd rather custom make an item such as this. Besides, I can and you can make one as good as, or better for around $2.00 or less.

Step No. 1: Determine the size (carrying capacity) of the plug bag you need. If you're the type that takes a few select plugs and tins on a day or night in the suds, or rockhopping, or even casting from a boat, you'll be concerned with a 6-8 lure capacity bag. On larger supply and a variety of plugs, tins, jigs and Alou/Tri-Fin lures, your sights should be on a larger plug bag, with a capacity of 14-18 lures plus space for a chain, pliars, a package or two of snaps, swivels, etc.

For my own use, I favor the large plug bag, since it's my personal feeling that you need variety when seeking Roccus and you are going to lose a lure now and then, and if you have a near duplicate of a plug Mr. Striper is after, you're still in the ball game. With blues, who take most anything when they are in one of their feeling frenzies and that cut lines and chomp plugs and tear out hooks, you've got to have a goodly stock of weapons (lures) available and at hand.

Step No. 2: (a) Where to get the bag - almost any army surplus store in your area will have somewhat of a variety to choose from (see photo 1). Choose one that is sturdy, heavy canvas; that when opened out is square or preferably rectangular in shape. Be careful here, because at this stage it's a shapeless, stiff sack. Choose G.I., not Boy Scout issue. (b) The bag will of course have a top and that top should have two, preferably three closures, either sturdy snaps or straps. Snaps are quicker and easier to open and close, but straps will last longer. However, with care, either will last several seasons of hard fishing. (c) Finally, it should come complete with a sturdy adjustable canvas strap, for an easy and comfortable shoulder carry. (d) As for ventilation, some come with small metal air vents, but I don't really see that as a big plus for our use as a plug tote bag, as salt water and salt air can get into the bag easier. I like mine as air and water tight as possible. Once you're back home after a hunt in the suds, drying and airing out can be very easily and more effectively done by simply opening the bag and leaving it in the sun for a few hours. (e) Compartments; here is where you really have the chance to custom make the vital guts of the surf bag. You'll want a combination of lightness and strength for the compartments. Here are three methods. I have used the first two and will some day use the third. You can probably devise others.

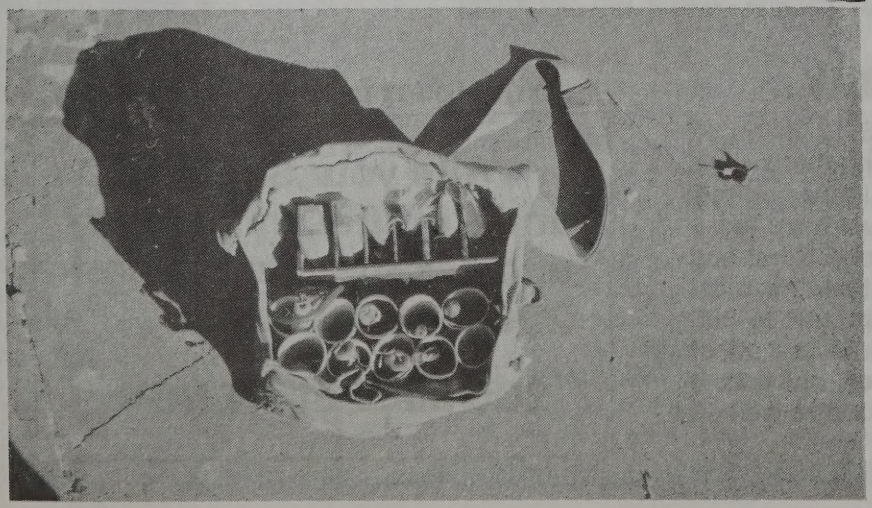
1. Sturdy cigar box: Remove one long narrow side. That will be the open top. Measure, cut and insert by gluing your 4 or 5 partitions. Touch-N-Glue is an excellent adhesive for this. Don't forget to put glue on the long edge of the partition that will join the hinged lid. With plastic electrical tape, tape all edges and tape the lid (that part you normally lift up) down tight. Once this is all dry, you are in business. Make as many as you need according to the number of lures you want at your hip. Of course, the size and shape of the bag you get will determine the number of cigar boxes it will hold. This method has the advantage of strength but the drawback of weight.

2. This is perhaps the easiest of all. Latch on to the empty round plastic bleach bottles that the wife, neighbors and friends have. Cut off the bottom and top leaving about a 6" tube. Cut the tube and coil it to a diameter of apporximately 1¾ ", then tape it around good with black plasticized

electricians tape. Make as many as you need. Then using that Touch-N-Glue, glue the bottoms to a piece of beaverboard not over ¼" thick which has been cut to the size of the flat bottom of the plug bag. Also put a blob of the glue betweent he tubes. That will hold them against each other and give the unit additional support. Again, the size of the bag determines the number of tubes and lures it will hold. The advantage to this method is that it is both light and strong (see photos 2 and 3).

3. Method three would involve cutting to size aluminum sheeting for the sides, bottom and partitions. As I said, I never used this method. Maybe I will some day. 'It would be light, but I'd imagine very noisy and would call for soldering or brazing; I don't know which.

It's my own feeling that custom making your own gear adds another dimension and enjoyment to our sport.



Attention Fellow Anglers:

Dear Sirs:

I have been an avid fisherman as far back as I can remember. Most of my fishing is done off the coast of Long Island, mostly in the Mattituck area. I am presently attending the University of Hartford in Hartford, Conn. In one of my classes we have a chance to write a paper that makes the people aware of the problems we are facing. Being a fisherman, there are two problems that greatly upset me. The pollution of our oceans, rivers, bays, and inlets is my first concern. However, I feel the public is becoming aware of this problem and some action is being taken. I still don't know why it took so long in coming, and why stronger action isn't being taken by our Government. My second problem is going to be the topic of my paper. This concerns the millions of fish taken by the foreign fishing fleets. (Howard Bogan, March 30th, 1972, L.I.F. – For the six years or more the Russian fleets have been working to diminish the fish population outside New York Harbor.) The whiting or frostfish in my area of the Island has been severely damaged by foreign fleets. In the Pacific Ocean, the Japanese longloners are taking a staggering toll of black, blue and striped marlin, sailfish, tuna, sharks and other important game fish to the area.

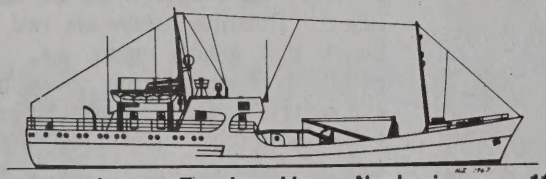
We waited too long to take action with the pollution problem. Too many rivers are damaged from all the waste. The Long Island Sound is still getting filled with poisonous oil slicks from careless companies. Do we have to sit back and let foreign fleets wipe out our fish population to the critical stage before we take action?

Any information on the 200 mile limit, no matter how small, will be of great value. All information received will be carefully sorted and calculated into important statistics. And I will send them to all government committees dealing with conservation for review. We can get something done if we make it an issue.

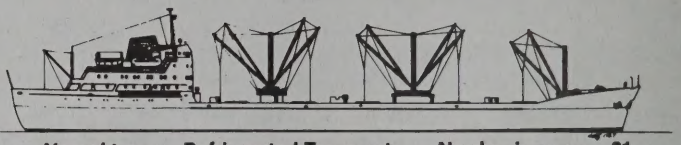
Send all information to: Nick Cyprus, Jr., 44 Marconi Street, Tenafly, New Jersey 07670

Put the SPORT Back in Fishing

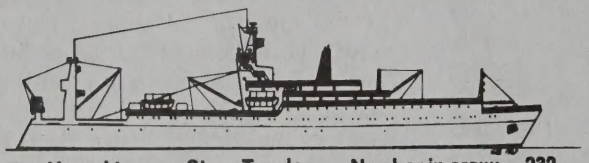
THE REASON YOU'RE NOT CATCHING MANY FISH IS BECAUSE THEY ARE... THE SOVIET FISHING FLEET



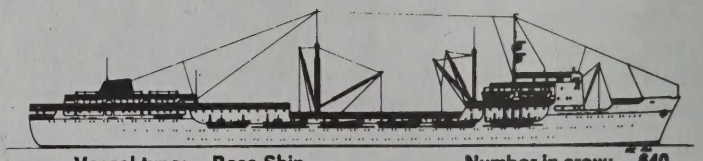
Vessel type: Tuna Long Liner **Number in crew:** 11
Length overall: 178'. This vessel can carry about 100 tons of frozen fish products.



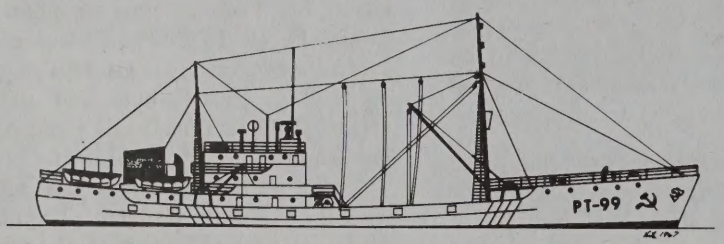
Vessel type: Refrigerated Transport **Number in crew:** 81
Length overall: 515'. This vessel can carry about 7,250 tons of frozen fish.



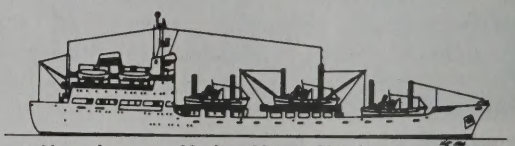
Vessel type: Stern Trawler **Number in crew:** 232
Length overall: 423'. This is the largest stern trawler ever built. Also is a factory ship.



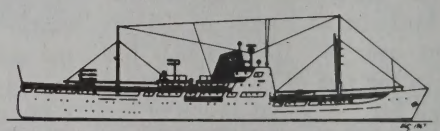
Vessel type: Base Ship **Number in crew:** 640
Length overall: 532'. Carries 12 boats for pick up of nets and catches. Factory capable of canning, freezing and storage of up to 50,000 cases of fish.



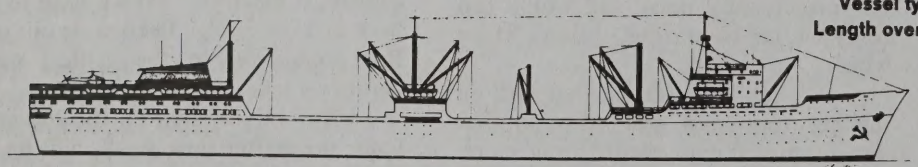
Vessel type: Side Trawler **Number in crew:** 56
Length overall: 242'. This vessel can carry about 830 tons of fish products.



Vessel type: Mother Ship **Number in crew:** 183
Length overall: 377'. Six catcher boats are carried on deck. Also serves as factory ship.



Vessel type: Research Ship **Number in crew:** 130
Length overall: 337'. Probably has more oceanographic gear than any ship afloat. Has helicopter landing platform. 16 scientific laboratories.



Vessel type: Factory Ship **Number in crew:** 510
Length overall: 715'. No fishing gear, but stern chute to haul whales aboard. World's largest whaling ship. Will carry 18,000 tons of whale oil, 1,800 tons of frozen whale meat. Can handle 65 whales per day.

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Write today for Fish Tomorrow.

Write your Senator and Congressman today and ask them to support 200 mile legislation...

200 MILE LIMIT NOW

Printing courtesy of: The Emergency Committee to Save America's Resources. 110 Charlotte Place, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.

Now we come to the insurance problems. I carry a tremendous amount of liability insurance and with good reason. You try to handle the honest accidents by being as careful as possible, not taking any unnecessary chances and using the very best of equipment and mates. But when it comes to the phoneys, you have a real problem. One charter showed up promptly at 4:30 AM carrying enough beer and liquor to supply an army. By 11 AM, they were well on their way to never-never land. One member tried forcefully to take the wheel from my hand, insisting that he was the captain of the boat, while the rest of the party cheered him on. This had become a very touchy situation. Through sheer luck and many unmentionable incidents, we reached home port in one piece. Located on the dock I work out of is a bar and grill to which the entire party retired. Relieved to be back, we cleaned the boat and went home. Some hours later I received a phone call from the owner of the bar notifying me of a conversation he had overheard. It seems that these fellows were planning to spring a bogus law suit on me for a non-existant injury received by one of their party. They had gone as far as having this fellow go out to the parking lot and rub his knee on the ground to show a visible bruise. Upon hearing this, I jumped into my car and raced over there. I stopped them just as they were leaving and confronted them with what I had heard. They verified the fact that this fellow (who could just about stand up as he was so intoxicated) had hurt his leg on the boat and showed me the bruises. By this time I was furious and told them in no uncertain terms that I would break his leg right there and really give them something to sue me for. Seeing the state of mind I was in, they beat a hasty retreat to their car and left. Nothing ever came of it, but it goes to show how vulnerable you are. After you are in the business for a while you can sometimes recognize this type of charter and avoid it, but most of the time you cannot. This is one of the worst pitfalls of the business.

A somewhat funny situation occurred a few years back when a very polite fellow called me for a charter. He began by telling me how badly he wanted to catch a big bass, claiming he had been fishing for 20 years and never caught a bass over 15 pounds. He also added that as soon as we caught one fish over 25 pounds, we could go home regardless of what timeit was. The day of his charter turned out to be a very productive one and not holding him to his word, we put in a full day with a catch of 11 fish from 30 to 45 pounds. Now this man was definitely upper-middle class financially and headed a very lucrative business. Yet as soon as we touched the dock he was gone, only to return 15 minutes later telling me how much money he made by selling his fish at the dock, and that was a great way to fish as the fish paid for the trip and then some. Our dock rules prohibit selling fish from the dock so I had some fast explaining to do lest I lose my dock spot. I was sure he had done it out of sheer ignorance as he was a very pleasant fellow. When I confronted him with it, he apologized profusely and promised never to do it again. He still fishes with me, taking 6 charters a season but now takes his fish home before disposing of them.

The first year I was running my own charter boat, I made the mistake of taking the word of one of my charters as to how well he could handle a rod. After trolling fishless for the entire morning, we finally hooked a good fish. Mr. O removed the rod from the holder with the ease of an expert and began playing the fish. As I was taking in the other lines, I could still hear the drag going out. It sounded as though he was tied to the back of a car going in the opposite direction. Walking back to the stern after getting the other rods away, I heard Mr. O below. "He's off. The line broke. I finished reeling in his line and found everything intact. The only thing irregular was that the 9/0 hook in the tube was bent out straight. Mr. O then insisted that the drag was too tight and that is why he lost the fish. I tested the drag to find it operating smoothly and set at the proper position. Mr. O was thoroughly disappointed and insisted for the rest of the day that a faulty drag was the reason for losing the fish. We caught a few fish that afternoon but nothing would satisfy him except "the one that got away," which had by this time grown to 150 pounds. When we reached the dock, he paid his bill, took his fish and left in a huff. Remembering that he had another date with me the following week, my stomach twinged a little. On the day of his next trip, I waited at the dock, preparing for a trying day. But instead, he showed up with a big smile, carrying a catered lunch and drinks for the mate and myself. He shook my hand and reminisced as to the great day we had the previous week and hoped we could do as well today. Then came the real surprise. He apologized to the mate and myself, confessing that he had panicked at the run of the big fish and bore down with both thumbs on the spool trying to stop the fish, even though there was plenty of line left. We wound up with a fine day of fishing, a fine lunch, and a lasting friendship that still exists today.

One last incident is worth mentioning. I carry only the finest custom tackle aboard the "Kim." I feel an obligation to put everything in favor of my charters. I never want to lose a fish due to faulty tackle. I receive lots of calls from people wanting to use their own tackle, which is fine with me as long as the tackle is adequate and in good working order. Usually after seeing my equipment, they retire theirs to the cabin and use mine.

Last season, this fellow showed up with what appeared to be a brand new custom built outfit and insisted on using it that day. I checked it out and found it in good order. He told me the rig was brand new and he would like to break it in on a big bass, as he had never caught one before. Later that day he hooked up with a good fish. The line moved smoothly off the reel for about 100 feet, at which time the fish stopped and changed directions. Things seemed in order as the fish started to make another run, other than the fact that the line was no longer attached to the reel. Embarrassed, he later told me what he had left out earlier. It seems that everything was brand new, four years previous. The outfit had been locked in his trunk for four seasons and had become a plaything for his 6-year old grandson. As it wound up, the tyke had peeled off about 100 feet of line and then backlashed the reel. Not being able to untangle the mess, he rpomptly cut the line and re-reeled the unattached 100 feet back on the reel. Fearing the wrath of his grandfather, he let it go unmentioned. Gramps was a good sport and promised not to strangle his grandson. I filled his reel with fresh line and continued the day. He finally broke the outfit in by putting the first 50 pounder of the season aboard the "Kim." This more than made up for the earlier incident, allowing my charter to go home happy and his grandson to reach the age of 7.

In ending, let me make one thing clear: the preceeding incidents are the minority, not the majority. Most charters are good fishermen, good sports

Continued On Page 22

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CODFISHING TIME

them, they want to stay there on the bottom. Then they will let you reel up some line and come up with it. At a certain point they will pump again, hard, and try to fight to get back down there in the deep six area. If you should get one of these big pumpers hooked on spinning tackle, you'll know just how hard they do fight.

As the day progressed, the wind dies to about ten miles per hour and it was beautiful. Naturally there were a few who did chum for themselves, but with that kind of a sea there should have been more sea sickness, me for instance. I still don't know why I didn't get sick that day, however, I will let it go at that, and be happy that I didn't.

Before I knew it, the three blasts were sounded on the ship's horn, and it was time to head for home, which was about two and a half hours away. Lines were pulled up, and as always, there was a last minute fish. Mark had to run to the stern and gaff the last fish of the day, but it was not the biggest, as it usually is.

On the way home, Mark brought out the 'justice scale' to find the biggest fish. Everyone that has a big cod ha chance on the scale. The first big fish looked to be the one for the day. Fish after fish was balance weighed, but none raised the opposite fish. The winner and still champ was the first fish, a 36 pounder.

Seagulls followed us all the way back to port, which is a good indication. This means that someone is cleaning fish aboard the boat and that indeed there was a catch.

Just before we docked, Mark said to me, "Look at all the hussle and bussle going on. Everyone is ready to jump off and head for home. It looks like the subway rush hour."

You know, it did look funny to watch this occurrence, and he was right. I guess everyone was tired from the pounding of the sea and hungry from lack of eating time due to the fish action.

After Mark and I swabbed the boat down, I too gathered my gear, test rods, fish and was sort of glad to be heading for home. The rods were tested and took the abuse that big fish can give. If they are all made the same way as the two samples, they should be an all-around rod. And if there are any more salt water rods to be tested this year, I'll do it again with Captain Bill on the Ginnie-Mae.

CHUCKLES

and it is my pleasure to spend a day with them. But one thing is for sure-you will get your share of kooks. There are many funny and many not so funny things that happen to the average charter captain - they could fill a book.

So let me leave you with one last bit of advice: If you expect to make a lot of money or have any type of stomach disorder, try something else . . .

WATER POLLUTION is destroying your SPORT!

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FIGHT POLLUTION!!!

THE OLD DAYS

by GEORGE E. MILLER

They don't seem so long ago! Fred Guardineer's past story on "Snapping Turtle Monsters" brings back happy, boyhood memories.

It was a standing Saturday "thing" with the guys near Kissena Park, Flushing, to make an all-day trip of fishing, swimming in the raw, and sneaking in a few Sensation or Twenty Grand at 10 cents a pack. The place behind the park was known as the "canals" and they were really canals, thirty to forty feet wide and up to a block long, crossing one another like streets in and out of the cat-tails. We felt as if we were in the jungles. It was the dirtiest water and the black mud smelled like all get out. When I returned home, my mother would say, "You have been hanging around those swamps again, you're just like a swamp rat."

But the fishing was something else. Snapping turtles, ugly and mean, and the size of dinner plates and better. Old Black Harry, as we kids called him, always lit up with delight when we gave him the turtles. The big red carp swam lazily through the lily-pads. Who owned a rod and reel? Not us poor folk. We'd cut a nice stick or come across a bamboo pole and that was it. Mom's sewing basket had all the pins and heavy black thread needed. The junk drawer in the kitchen always had a few corks. Bait was night crawlers, par boiled potatoes, and dough with cotton mixed in. The old carp went crazy for these tasty morsels. Catfish, sunfish, and eels also came out of the swamp.

One day I introduced my father to our "retreat" in the swamp. From then on, you'd think he was thirteen instead of me, enjoying all the fishing, but omitting the swimming in the raw.

Well, the years have gone by and I am still enjoying the "good old days." Now it's in Hempstead Harbor eeling at night, blackfishing, chasing the blues, and just enjoying the water with my own twelve year old "swamp rat." My only wish is that some day he can tell his own little "swamp rat" about the "good old days."

TIDES: SOUTH SHORE

SANDY HOOK STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	1:50	2:00
Sat.	2:44	2:59
Sun.	3:39	3:58
Mon.	4:30	4:53
Tues.	5:19	5:48
Wed.	6:22	6:44
Thur.	7:30	7:53
	8:32	8:59

	H.	M.
MANASQUAN	-0	12
STATEN ISLAND	+0	07
ROCKAWAY INLET	0	00
Rargen Beach	+0	29
J.F.K. Airport	+0	26
EAST ROCKAWAY INLET	-0	06
Long Beach Bridge	+0	19
JONES INLET	-0	19
Loop Pkwy. Bridge	+0	25
Zachs Bay	+1	25
Gilgo Island	+2	25
Seaford Harbor	+2	05
FIRE ISLAND INLET	-0	38
West Great South Bay	+2	10
Heckscher State Park	+3	20
East Great South Bay	+3	44
MORICHES INLET	-0	56
Smiths Point	+3	28
Narts Cove	+1	30
Potunk Point	+3	35
SHINNECOCK INLET	-0	50
East Quogue	+2	45
Shinnecock Canal	+1	18
Indian Reservation	+3	05

TIDES: L.I. SOUND

WILLETS POINT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	6:00	6:37
Sat.	7:01	7:37
Sun.	7:52	8:28
Mon.	8:43	9:19
Tues.	9:48	9:59
Wed.	10:22	10:49
Thur.	11:15	11:40
	11:59	

	H.	M.
Little Neck Bay	-0	10
Execution Light	-0	06
Manhasset Bay	-0	01
Hempstead Harbor	-0	11
City Island	-0	03
Rye Beach	-0	28

TIDES: L.I. SOUND

BRIDGEPORT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	5:19	5:50
Fri.	6:13	6:45
Sat.	7:09	7:42
Sun.	8:00	8:33
Mon.	9:02	9:39
Tues.	9:55	10:12
Wed.	10:41	10:58
Thur.	11:10	11:50

	H.	M.
Lloyd Point	+0	08
Cold Spring Harbor	+0	08
Bayville Bridge	+0	13
Eatons Neck Point	+0	03
Northport Bay	+0	03
Norwalk Islands	+0	10
Smithtown Bay	-0	03
Cranes Neck Point	+0	05
Port Jeff Harbor	+0	03
New Haven Harbor	-0	08
Mount Sinai Harbor	+0	08
Herod Point	-0	07
Mattituck Inlet	+0	19
Horton Point	-0	20
Truman Beach	-0	42

TIDES: B.I. SOUND

NEW LONDON STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	3:47	4:13
Sat.	4:44	5:13
Sun.	5:33	6:02
Mon.	6:17	6:50
Tues.	7:20	7:45
Wed.	8:22	8:55
Thur.	9:30	10:00
	10:39	11:59

	H.	M.
Orient Point	+0	27
Connecticut River	+1	10
Little Gull Island (Race)	+0	12
Greenport	+1	04
Southold	+1	43
New Suffolk	+2	26
South Jamesport	+2	32
Shinnecock Canal	+2	33
Noyack Bay	+2	05
Sag Harbor	+0	59
Gardiners Bay	+0	21
Promised Land (Napeague)	-0	14
Fort Pond Bay	-0	29
Montauk Inlet	-0	25
Montauk Point	-1	13

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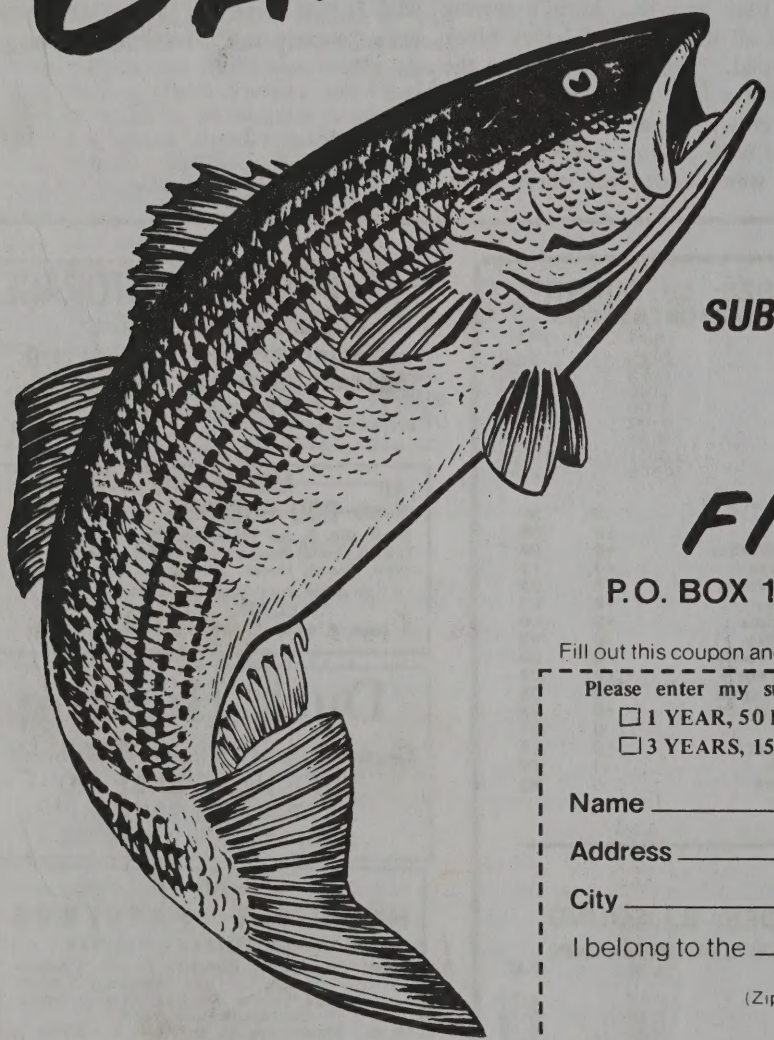

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